RANDY NEWMAN *harps and angels*

1. Harps and Angels (5:07)
2. Losing You (2:42)
3. Laugh and Be Happy (2:19)
4. A Few Words in Defense of Our Country (4:13)
5. A Piece of the Pie (2:42)
6. Easy Street (3:14)
7. Korean Parents (3:27)
8. Only a Girl (2:44)
9. Potholes (3:42)
10. Feels Like Home (4:51)

Randy Newman, *piano, vocals*
Greg Cohen, *bass*
Steve Donnelly, *guitar*
Pete Thomas, *drums*
Greg Leisz, *pedal steel and acoustic slide*
Mitchell Froom, *additional keyboards*

Harps and Angels

Hasn't anybody seen me lately
I'll tell you why
Hasn't anybody seen me lately
I'll tell you why
I caught something made me so sick
That I thought that I would die
And I almost did too

First my knees begin to tremble
My heart begin to pound
First my knees begin to tremble
My heart begin to pound
It was arrhythmic and out of tune
I lost my equilibrium
And fell face down upon the ground

As I lay there on that cold pavement
A tear ran down my face
'Cause I thought I was dying
You boys know I'm not a religious man
But I sent a prayer out just in case
You never know
Lo and behold almost immediately
I had reason to believe my prayer had
been heard in a very special place
'Cause I heard this sound

Ooooh
Yes
Ooooh
Yes, it was harps and angels
Harps and angels coming near
I was too sick to roll over and see them
But I could hear them singing ever so beautifully
in my ear

Then the sound began to subside
And they sounded like background singers
And a voice come down from the heavens above
It was a voice full of anger from the Old Testament
And a voice full of love from the New One
And the street lit up like it was the middle of the day
And I lay there quiet and listened to what that
voice had to say

He said, "You ain't been a good man
You ain't been a bad man
But you've been pretty bad
Lucky for you this ain't your time
Someone very dear to me has made another
clerical error
And we're here on a bit of a wild goose chase
But I want to tell you a few things
That'll hold you in good stead when it is your time
So you better listen close
I'm only going to say this once

When they lay you on the table
Better keep your business clean
'Fore they lay you on the table
Better keep your business clean
Don't want no back stabbing, ass grabbing
You know exactly what I mean
Alright girls – we're outta here"

Ooooh
"Encore. Encore."
Ooooh
(He spoke French)
"Tres bien
Encore"
And off they went into the night

Almost immediately I felt better
And I come round to see you boys
'Cause you know we ain't living right
And while it was fresh
I wanted to tell you what he told me

He said, "When they lay you on the table
Better keep your business clean
When they lay you on the table
Better keep your business clean
Else there won't be no harps and angels
coming for you
It'll be trombones, kettle drums, pitchforks,
and tambourines"

Sing it like they did for me one time
Ooooh – yes
Ooooh – beautiful
Wish I spoke French

So actually the main thing about this story is for me
There really is an afterlife
And I hope to see all of you there

Let's go get a drink

Losing You

Was a fool with my money
And I lost every dime
And the sun stopped shining
And it rained all the time
It did set me back some
But I made it through
But I'll never get over losing you

Do you know how much you mean to me?
Should've told you 'cause it's true
I'd get over losing anything
But I'll never get over losing you

When you're young
And there's time
To forget the past
You don't think that you will
But you do
But I know that I don't have time enough
And I'll never get over losing you

I've been cold
I've been hungry
But not for awhile
I guess most of my dreams have come true
With it all here around me
No peace do I find
'Cause I'll never get over losing you
No, I'll never get over losing you

Laugh and Be Happy

I know what's going on here
Ain't no mystery
Y'all have lost faith in yourselves
It's as clear as it can be

You can whine all you want to
Drown in your misery
Or you can listen to me
Listen to me

Laugh and be happy
Don't you ever wear a frown
Don't let the bastards grind you down

Laugh and be happy
It's a simple thing to do
Believe in your dreams
And your dreams will come true for you

There'll be a red sun shining in a sky so blue
Blackbirds singing in the trees

There's a real silver lining
Up there for me and you
Listen to me
Listen to me

Now the country that we're living in
Happy Immigrants: You mean the good ol' USA?
That's right!
It's never been about keeping you out
It's about inviting you in and letting you play

Laugh and be happy
Don't you ever wear a frown
Get right back on your feet
Whenever they knock you down

You've got to laugh and be happy
Smile right in their face
'Cause pretty soon
You're gonna take their place

They'll come whack whack whackin' like old man trouble
Whacking on your front door
They try to send you packin' on the double
But you ain't going away no more

Laugh and be happy
Don't you ever wear a frown
Don't let the bastards grind you down

Laugh and be happy
Now listen to what I say
Everything's going to go your way
You'll be on top of the world

A Few Words in Defense of Our Country

I'd like to say a few words
In defense of our country
Whose people aren't bad
Nor are they mean
Now the leaders we have
While they're the worst that we've had
Are hardly the worst
This poor world has seen

Take the Caesars for example
Within the first few of them
They were sleeping with their sister,
Stashing little boys in swimming pools
And burning down the city
And one of 'em, one of 'em
Appointed his own horse to be Consul of the Empire
That's like vice president or something
Wait a minute, that's not a very good example is it?
But wait, here's one,
The Spanish Inquisition
It put people in a terrible position
I don't even like to think about it
Well sometimes I like to think about it

Just a few words in defense of our country
Whose time at the top
Could be coming to an end
We don't want your love
And respect at this point is pretty much out of the question
But times like these
We sure could use a friend

Hitler
Stalin
Men who need no introduction
King Leopold of Belgium, that's right
Everyone thinks he's so great
Well he owned The Congo and he tore it up too
He took the diamonds
He took the silver
He took the gold
You know what he left them with?
Malaria

A President once said,
"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself"
Now, we're supposed to be afraid
It's patriotic in fact and color-coded
And what are we supposed to be afraid of?
Why of being afraid
That's what terror means, doesn't it?
That's what it used to mean

You know it kind of pisses me off
That this Supreme Court is going to outlive me
A couple of young Italian fellas and a brother on the Court now, too
But I defy you, anywhere in the world,
To find me two Italians as tight-assed as the two Italians we got
And as for the brother, well
Pluto's not a planet anymore either

The end of an Empire is messy at best
And this Empire is ending
Like all the rest
Like the Spanish Armada adrift on the sea
We're adrift in the land of the brave and the home of the free

Goodbye
Goodbye
Goodbye

A Piece of the Pie

Like us all you want the very best of life
A car, a house, a neighborhood that's nice
With flowers and trees and lots of little kids around
Where public schools aren't breeding grounds
for vice

You say you're working harder than you ever have
You say you got two jobs and so's your wife
Living in the richest country in the world
Wouldn't you think you'd have a better life

If you lived in Norway
You'd be fine right now
Get sick there
You make the doctor wait
If you lived in Belgium
You could mediate
(Flemish/French debate)
Hey knock it off!
And the French fries are great
Hey!

Jesus Christ it stinks here high and low
The rich are getting richer
I should know
While we're going up
You're going down
And no one gives a shit but Jackson Browne
Jackson Browne
Jackson
Jackson

There's a famous saying someone famous said
As General Motors goes so go we all
Johnny Cougar's singing it's their country now
He'll be singing for Toyota by the fall

Patriots:
That's not true
John's a patriot
He's not like you
He's a……

Jesus Christ it stinks here low and high
Some get rich
And others just get by
Bono's off in Africa – he's never around
The country turns its lonely eyes to who?
Jackson Browne
Jackson Browne
Jackson Browne

A piece of the pie
That's all we're asking for
A piece of the pie

Easy Street

Satisfaction guaranteed
Getting everything you need?
Hand delivered, quite discreet
'Cause you're on Easy Street

Any place you want to go
We'll call ahead and let them know
Get you in through the backdoor
But you get a front row seat

'Cause you're on Easy Street

All your old friends
I know you love 'em so
Gonna break your heart
But you're gonna have to let them go
Your friends up here must be the elite
You'll like everyone you meet

On Easy Street
Life is sweet
Accommodations can't be beat
On Easy Street

Easy Street
Here's your seat
Watch the world roll by at your feet
Don't look down
That's it

Doesn't matter if you act a little strange
Do your worst
Don't ever change
'Cause no matter what you do
You think anyone up here is ever going to say no to you?
Nah

That's it Miss B
Yes

Now you don't know how you got here
And how the whole world knows your name
Forget about it
Relax enjoy yourself

Everywhere you go they're glad you came

Baby you're on Easy Street
Life is sweet
Let them worship at your feet
On Easy Street

Korean Parents

Kids today got problems
Like their parents never had
Neighborhoods are dangerous
The public schools are bad
At home there are distractions so irresistible
The hours fly by
No work gets done

Some Jewish kids still trying
Some white kids trying too
But millions of real American kids don't have a clue
Right here on the lot
We got the answer
A product guaranteed to satisfy

Korean parents for sale
You say you're not all that you want to be
You say you got a bad environment
Your work at school's not going well

Korean parents for sale
You say you need a little discipline
Someone to whip you into shape
They'll be strict but they'll be fair

Look at the numbers
That's all I ask
Who's at the head of every class?
You really think they're smarter than you are
They just work their asses off
Their parents make them do it

Saleslady:
Oh, learn to play the violin
Oh, to turn your homework in right on time

What a load off your back that will be
No tears
No regret
Never forget who sent Fido to the farm

The greatest generation
Your parents aren't the greatest generation
So sick of hearing about the greatest generation
That generation could be you
So let's see what you can do
Korean parents and you

Only a Girl

She's only a girl
And her voice is peculiar
And her eyes are strange
She's prone to be willful
You try to cheer her up some
But she's impervious to change

She's only a girl
She dresses in black all of the time
Wears an orthopedic shoe
It's some sort of uglification she's into

She's a hundred and ten
Maybe five foot five
She won't eat meat
But she'll eat you alive
She's only a girl
But she's big time

She's only a girl
And I'll tell you about her
At least all that I know
She's from South Carolina
And she came out here
A few years ago

She waits on tables
Works in a bank
Volunteers at the zoo
You can tell she ain't lazy
But she is very young
That's why I called you

Now that you've seen her, what do you think?
Uh-huh
Yeah
Etc…

Love is blind
And deaf as well
But I love this girl
Can't you tell?
She's only a girl
And she loves me

Why would someone
Beautiful as she
Love someone old like me
Maybe it's the money
Jeez, I never thought of that

God damn it

Potholes

I love women
Have all my life
I love my dear mother
And I love my wife—God bless her
I even love my teenage daughter
There's no accounting for it
Apparently I don't care how I'm treated
My love is unconditional or something

I've been hurt a time or two
I ain't gonna lie
I have my doubts sometimes
About the ethics of the so-called fairer sex
Fair about what?
But I find time goes by
And one forgives as one forgets
And one does forget

God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
Everything that happens to me now

Is consigned to oblivion by my brain

I remember my father
My brother of course
I remember my mother
I spoke of her earlier and I remember that
I remember the smell of cut grass
And going off to play ball in the morning
Funny story about that

Now I used to pitch
I could get the ball over the plate
But anyway, this one time
I must of thrown a football around or something
the day before
I walked about fourteen kids in a row
Cried
Walked off the mound
Handed the ball to the third baseman
And just left the field

Anyway, many years later
I brought the woman who was to become my
second wife—God bless her
To meet my father for the first time
They exchanged pleasantries
I left the room for a moment
It was the first time he had met her you understand
When I came back
He was telling her the story
Right off the bat
About how I had walked fourteen kids
Cried and left the mound

Next time he met her he told her the same
goddamn story!

God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
God bless the potholes
Down on memory lane
I hope some real big ones open up
And take some of the memories that do remain

Feels Like Home

There's something in your eyes
Makes me want to lose myself
Makes me want to lose myself
In your arms

There's something in your voice
Makes my heart beat fast
Hope this feeling lasts
The rest of my life

If you knew how lonely my life has been
And how low I've felt for so long
If you knew how I wanted someone
To come along
And change my world the way you've done

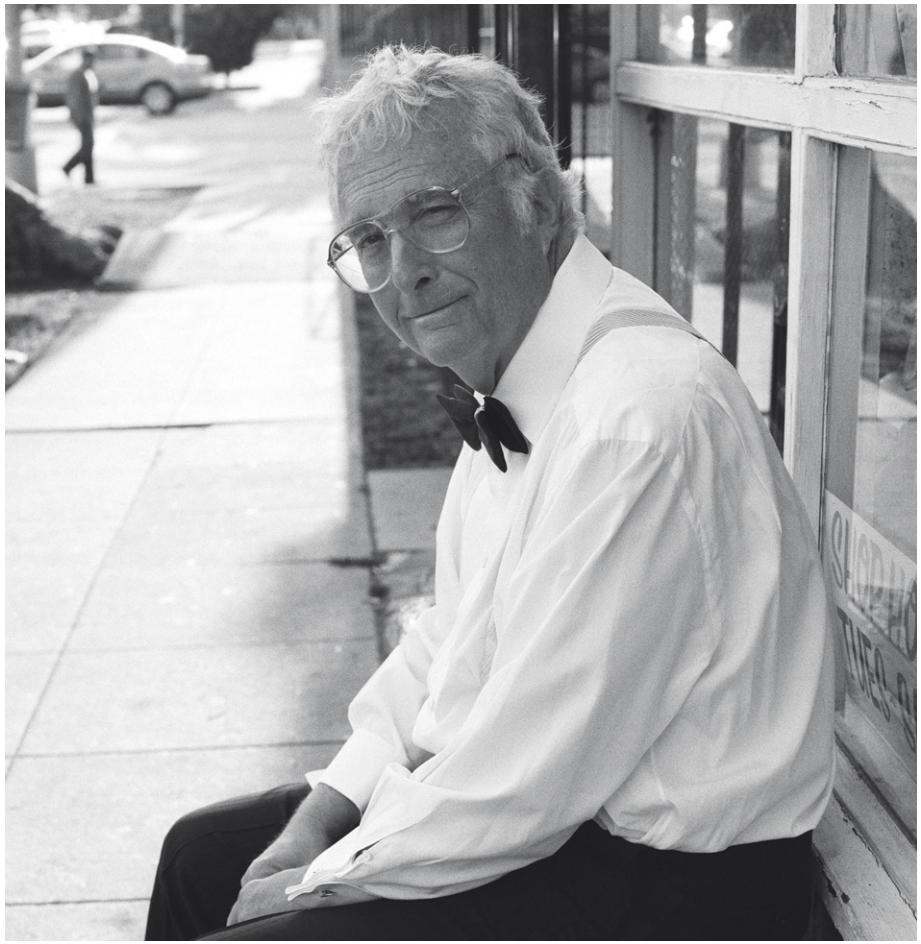
Feels like home to me
Feels like home to me
Feels like I'm all the way back where I come from
Feels like home to me

Feels like home to me
Feels like I'm all the way back where I belong

A window breaks
Down a long dark street
And a siren wails in the night
But that's alright 'cause I have you here with me
And I can almost see
Through the dark there's a light

If you knew
How much this moment
Means to me
And how long I've waited for your touch
If you knew
How happy you are making me
I never thought I'd love anyone so much

Feels like home to me
Feels like home to me
Feels like I'm all the way back where I come from
Feels like home to me
Feels like home to me
Feels like I'm all the way back where I belong
Feels like I'm all the way back where I belong



Orchestra: Arranged and conducted by Randy Newman

Violin: Roger Wilkie, Eun-Mee Ahn, Jacqueline Brand, Kevin Connolly, Joel Derouin, Julie Ann Gigante, Natalie Leggett, Helen Nightengale, Alyssa Park, Sara Parkins, Katia Popov, Rafael Rishik, Anatoly Rosinsky, Marc Sazer, Tereza Stanislav, Lisa M. Sutton, Sarah Thornblade, Irina Voloshina

Viola: Brian Dembow, Robert Berg, Thomas Diener, Steven Gordon, Roland Kato, Darrin McCann, Victoria Miskolczy, Michael Nowak, Shanti Randall, David Walther

Cello: Dennis Karmazyn, Antony Cooke, Steve Erdody, Christine Ermacoff, Armen Ksajikian, Andrew Shulman, David Speltz, Cecelia Tsan

Bass: Michael Valerio, Drew Dembowski, Edward Meares, Susan Ranney

Flute: James Walker, Norda Mullen, Geraldine Rotella, David Shostac

Clarinet: Gary Bovyer, Stuart Clark, Donald Foster, Marty Krystall

Saxophone: Daniel Higgins, Gary Foster, Greg Huckins, Bill Liston, Brian Scanlon

Oboe: Thomas Boyd, Leslie Reed

Bassoon: Kenneth Munday, Michael O'Donovan, Judith Farmer

Horn: James Thatcher, Mark Adams, Richard Todd

Trumpet: Warren Luening, Malcolm McNab, Daniel Fornero, Jon Lewis, Timothy Morrison

Trombone: William Booth, Bruce Fowler, Alesander Iles, William Reichenbach, George Thatcher

Tuba: Doug Tornquist

Percussion: Alan Estes, Gregory Goodall

Harp: Jo Ann Turovsky, Allison Allport

Accordion: Frank Marocco

Background vocals: Carmen Carter, Tim Davis, Luana Jackman, Steve Jackson, Rick Logan, Susan Stevens Logan, Fletcher Sheridan, Oren Waters, Terry Wood

All songs written and arranged by Randy Newman. Published © 2008 Randy Newman Music (ASCAP)

Produced by Mitchell Froom and Lenny Waronker
Recorded and mixed by David Boucher
Recorded at Sunset Sound, Los Angeles, and Newman Scoring Stage, 20th Century Fox Studios, Los Angeles
Mixed and additional recording at Tea Time Studios, Santa Monica
Mastered by Robert C. Ludwig at Gateway Mastering Studios, Portland, Maine

Management: Cathy Kerr Management, Inc., Los Angeles

Angry Belgians on "A Piece of The Pie": Kathie Van Kerckhoven and Jeremy Altervain
Happy Immigrants on "Laugh and Be Happy": Los Amigos Locos del Este

Orchestra contracted by Sandy DeCrescent
Music preparation: Jo Ann Kane Music Services
Vocal contractor: Luana Jackman

Photography by Autumn de Wilde
Stock photography by Jupiterimages (page 8), Perry Mastrovito (outside inlay), and Photo 24 (inside inlay)
Design by Barbara deWilde

For Nonesuch Records:
Production Manager: Eli Cane
Editorial Coordinator: Ronen Givony
Production Supervisor: Karina Beznicki

Executive Producer: Robert Hurwitz

Thank you to Steinway Pianos and David Ida at Fields Pianos in Los Angeles, CA

Special Thanks:
Lenny Waronker, David Boucher, Russ Bartmus, Michael Roth, Mitchell Froom, Steve Donnelly, Pete Thomas, Greg Cohen, Bob Hurwitz, Susan McTigue, Scott Downie, Joan Manners, Alan Newman, Cathy Kerr

To my friend, Allen Adashek

www.randynewman.com
www.nonesuch.com

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